King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King Becauſe that like a Iacke thon keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and begone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudy deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrill*, and I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrill* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrill.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abraham's* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Cateſby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercurie*, and Herald for a King.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence